

Happenings I Never Want to Forget

BY GRACE SLWOOKO

Around here and Siberia, there are many traditional customs in the lives we've lived here in the land of ice and snow. One is that, a belief, there is a sex between man and woman. In other places they may call it homosexuality, but we have this in mind that as they are born like that, it is not just unimportant happening. That is, no one can laugh or make fun of what the homos do. They themselves dress like a woman to honor their nature. So it is mostly looked at on the way they dress. Once in a long time, there may be a man that acts like a woman. He dress like a woman and have long hair braids, too, and yet have mustache like a man. When one is like this it is known that anyone that makes fun of the way they do things and dress the way they do is apt to have curse in his life. So it was in this story, a such man named Pangangaawen, a herder or one that have herds of reindeer and earned his living this way as a passed on from his people before him:

Once upon a time there was Pangangaawen, he had wi one that have herds of reinde one that have herds of reindeer and earned his living this way as a passed on from his people before him:

Once upon a time there was Pangangaawen, he had wife and two boys his nephews. And he had a large herds of reindeer.

One time he was told that his herd with two boys were taken by enemy! His men worriedly brought the news, they were ready to go on a pursue. Readily Pangangaawen agreed on pursuing. But what a long time the men had to wait. It was long time for him to be ready. The men anxiously wait around his house, but he was still in the house, getting his long hair combed and braided, it was down to his waist. The men couldn't urge him, he was doing his thing. They can't even give him hints on being delaying in fear of curse that might come on them. When finally he get out, they started after the enemy and herds with boys. It was only a short time when they came to the pond or a little lake. There Pangangaawen stopped and started combing his long hair, and putting it in neat braids. The men had to stop and wait for him. They were getting more anxious as the day was wearing away. When he finally got the combing and braiding done, they were on the trail again, but soon they came to another lake. There they stopped again and he started working on his long hair, like before. The men couldn't stop him or go on as they wanted to, as they had to go with him. But after some stops they finally got up to the hill, and the evening was coming on. It already was dark when they spotted the enemy and the herd, in the vally down below. The men were all around the large fire roasting meat to eat. The herd and two boys were nearby. Pangangaawen charged his men to go and strike a few with swords. So the men charged on them and struck a few with swords and fled. The enemy couldn't see Pangangaawen's men coming on them as their eyes were blinded from being around the flames of their fire. Believing the wounds to be from each other, the enemy started striking each other by the fire. While this was going on Pangangaawen had his men to rush to the herd and get it back where the enemy couldn't see, back to their side of the hill.

So he got his herd and nephews, with not much trouble and in a short time.

When the men got the herd and the boys back, Pangangaawen was delaying somewhere behind on the trail. At his home people were watching for him. They soon saw a man coming in the light of the moon with a large fur on his sleeves like that of a woman's suit, peacefully coming home. They knew it was him, as he was dressed like a woman. They were glad they didn't stop him from combing and braiding his long hair, that was his power, doing his nature.